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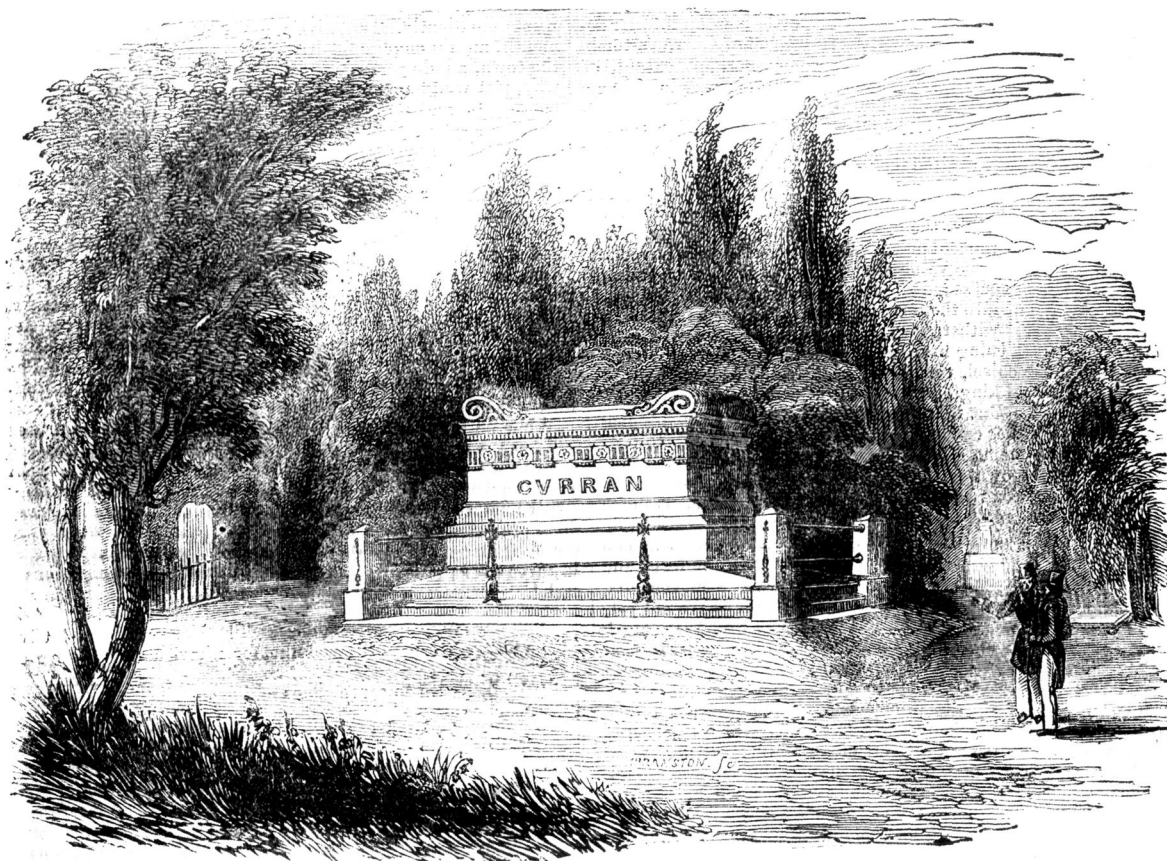
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THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

NUMBER 52.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1841.

VOLUME I.



TOMB OF CURRAN.

TWENTY years had nearly elapsed, and no stone marked the grave where Curran was interred: still Ireland continued unpossessed of the remains of one of the ablest of her orators and purest of her patriots, and seemed, in this instance especially, to justify the reproach of her habitual neglect towards the posthumous reputation of her great men.

To the managing committee of the cemetery at Glasnevin belongs the merit, in this eminent instance, of setting an example which may remove or mitigate the humiliating truth of that too just reproach.* They reclaimed for Ireland the bones of Curran, which were transferred from England to the cemetery over which they preside.

To Lord Cloncurry, ever foremost or forward in aught affecting the public weal, and through life distinguished as the munificent supporter of all the elegant and useful arts—of every object proposing to advance the interests of his country or honour of her name—to him belongs the merit of originating a subscription from which has resulted the monument at Glasnevin, and the other now in progress at the church of St Patrick.† Thus at the northern extremity of Dublin the tomb of Cur-

ran stands over his remains; and at the southern extremity, in our metropolitan Cathedral Church, which may be called our little Westminster, a cenotaph, now begun, will soon bear witness that after a lapse of 23 years, new recorded honours gather round his monument, and his glory still freshens in the memory of posterity.

A senior fellow of our University, who had no other share in his subsequent elevation to a mitre than the circumstance of having rendered himself worthy of it, observes on the subject of this commemoration as follows:—"It (a letter) shows me, however, that you intended to apply to me on a subject well calculated to excite my sympathy; and it gives me an opportunity of indulging my own feelings, and of promoting my own honour, in avowing my admiration and respect for splendid talents and disinterested patriotism. I shall therefore be flattered by the insertion of my name in your list, though I do not entertain the ambitious thought of my doing honour to the memory of a man who has erected for himself a monument greater and more lasting than can be contained in any cemetery."

The wood-cut engraving prefixed to this article is descriptive of Curran's tomb at Glasnevin, of which Mr J. T. Papworth, A.R.H.A., architect of the Royal Dublin Society, was the architect, and conductor of its construction and successful execution. It is a fac simile of the celebrated chef-d'œuvre of the antique known as the tomb of Scipio Barbatus,

* This monument, if not influencing, has certainly been followed by monuments now in progress of erection to the late Chief Baron Joy, Mr Drummond, the Dean of St Patrick's, Lord Clements, and others.

† The contract has been made with Mr Christopher Moore, an Irish sculptor of much celebrity. The foundation is laid in granite, the structure will be marble, and the situation fronts the monument of the late Sergeant Ball.

exemplars of which are favourite objects of purchase to the visitors of Rome, and lovers of virtue. It is a magnificent specimen of that simple, durable, massive grandeur, which the early artists of the mistress of the world deemed suitable to the character of a great man's sepulchre; fit to outlive, like its great Roman prototype, numerous generations of men, and bear down the name of its honoured object to the admiration of a most distant posterity. Napoleon's tomb at St Helena was of course the suggestion of the best taste of France and Italy combined. It bears a close resemblance to that of Scipio. The material of the latter is of an inferior description of stone, greatly surpassed by that of Curran's tomb, which is composed of the best specimen, perhaps, extant, of our finest Irish granite, and sparkles like silver in the sun. The application of this product to sepulchral purposes is recent and appropriate. The late palace of our dukes, the late halls of our parliament, the testimonials commemorating the victors who most exalted the glory of Britain on the ocean and by land, our custom-house and post-office, our courts of justice, the harbours of Wicklow, Howth, and Dunleary, the spire of St Patrick's, the grandest of our bridges, with most other of our magnificent public edifices, have long displayed and will long display the value of our granite for beauty and solidity. It has superseded the use of Portland stone, for, capable of being cut into the finer figures of architecture, it admits of any shape, it withstands any weather; and harder than freestone, and hardening in the air, and susceptible of every formation from the chisel, the mallet, and the hammer, it stands of all the mineral kingdom most faithful to the trust of monumental fame. But it is not by such memorials, as was justly observed by the eminent prelate already referred to; it is not by such memorials as art may construct from marble or brass, or our own enduring granite, that the immortality of Curran's fame can be achieved, it is in the great efforts of his transcendent genius we best can contemplate his deathless monument, and in that respect it may be said of him as Johnson said on a like occasion,

"A mortal born, he met a mortal's doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb."

The tomb is in the form of a Sarcophagus, of the Doric order of architecture, richly sculptured. The triglyphs are most delicately wrought, and the metopes are ornamented with pateras. It is erected so as to appear upon a tumulus, which has a good effect. The dimensions are as follow:—

The plinth..... 11 feet 2½ inches by 5 feet 6½ inches.

The dado 8 feet 11 inches by 3 feet 8½ inches.

Height 8 feet 2 inches.

The blocks of granite of which the tomb has been formed are perhaps the largest made use of in Ireland, each weighing from 4 to 5 tons. The joints between the blocks have been so managed as to be imperceptible, and the tomb thus appears to be one entire mass of granite. F.

THE MARKET-WOMAN.

BY M. G. R.

SOME of the pleasantest of the many pleasant reminiscences of my childhood are associated with the recollection of a very ugly uncouth woman, with a very ugly uncouth name, "Moll Miskellagh," our market-woman. If the cognomen "Moll" was intolerable to "ears polite," what was it to the euphonious appellation of her better half, "Mogue Miskellagh?" The English groom of an Irish gentleman once overheard some person calling "Mogue Miskellagh!" "Mogue Miskellagh!" "Mogue Miskellagh!" he thrice exclaimed, voice, eyes, and hands in their various ways expressing astonishment, "does that 'ere name belong to a Christian?"

The home of my early days was situated five miles from the nearest market-town; and as it was not always convenient to send a servant and horse for the various commodities necessary for a tolerably large family, a regular drudging market man or woman was deemed indispensable. Moll Miskellagh heard of "the lady's" wants and wishes, and believing her own limbs to be stout, and her memory retentive, offered herself as the "Least of burden."

"Misthress, jew'l," pleaded Moll, with the most persuasive brogue imaginable, "sorra sitch a pair ov legs in the whole counthry; an' for my back, it bangs Banagher for the strinth! As to my karraether, thank God I need say nothin' about it, as I may safely lave it to my nairburs for its honesty."

"And honesty must have its reward," returned the amiable

and well-beloved "Misthress," whose business it was to engage the market-woman. "But do you read?"

"Augh! sorra bit ov me, yer honour," quoth Mrs Miskellagh, with a groan; "larnin' was't the fashin in my young days, or I 'spose I'd have got a lick ov it like the rest. But what ov that, misthress?"

"Why, it would be better for all parties that you did read, as you will have so many notes to carry to different shops, and you cannot fail to be sadly puzzled."

"Augh, lave out the notes, ma'am," interrupted Moll, somewhat impatiently, "an' give me yer commands by word ov mouth, an' I'll engage for it. I'll go to the four quarters ov the town, an' do yer errands widout a single mistake: bekase why, if I wud happen to forget one or two, I have a way ov me own to make me remember agin. So, for God's an' me childher's sakes, yer honour, give me the berth, an' I'll sarve ye faithful. Throth I'll drag as much as an ass!"

"Well, I believe I shall try you, Molly," said the lady, smiling kindly, the appeal of distress never lost upon her. "Thursdays and Saturdays are the days we send to town; be you ready to attend me at ten o'clock next Thursday."

I was present at this engagement, and though I was very young at the time, never shall I forget the frightful grins with which Moll Miskellagh graced her exuberant thanks, nor her extra-extraordinary courtseys! I have seen an elephant attempt such movements since, and I can declare that the quadruped was the more graceful of the two. The "quadruped!" do I say? I would not vow that our market-woman was not akin to a camel: she was as enduring as one, I am sure, and seldom have I seen her without her burthen behind.

Well, on Thursday Moll Miskellagh was punctual; she came with eyes, ears, and hands all prepared for "town."

"I am sadly afraid——" began the lady, pausing, and looking doubtfully at her messenger.

"Of what, yer honour?" inquired Molly briskly.

"That your memory cannot retain all the commissions I must entrust you with, and not only me, but every one in the house."

"Thry me, madam—go on, jew'l! Never fear me! Give me a hundred ov them if you like, for I have a way ov me own to remember."

"Well, I wish to serve you at all events. Then you must first carry this post-bag to the post-office."

"So I can, madam; an' I need say nothin' there, as the bag will tell what it wants ov itself. Go on, darlint!"

"Then you are to go to the baker's in New-street, to the butcher's in Market-street, to F——'s for groceries, to Mrs R—— of Church-street with this note, and to Mrs L—— of Castle-hill with this other. And here is a list of articles you are to purchase for me at any shop you please. But what operation are you performing on your fingers?"

"Augh, there's my saicret!" quoth the market-woman triumphantly. "Ye see, misthress, I have three sorts ov thread, black, white, an' grey; an' when I am not sure that I'll think ov a thing perfectly, I tie one ov those threads on one ov me fingers; an' whin I am at a loss, I keep lookin' at the thread till I remember what I tied it on for, an' so at last it comes into my mimory. Go on, misthress, if you please; the day is gettin' late with us."

"I have no more commissions, Molly; but here comes your master with his."

"Well, Mrs Miskellagh, have you got all your commandments?" inquired the "minnisthur," smiling.

"Augh, be lanient, yer rivirince! the misthress has given me a power to do to-day."

"Well, Moll, I will be lenient. I have only two or three trifling commissions to give you. First, you must go to the post-office, and then to B——'s for my boots; neither parson nor priest can do without them, you know. Did you ever hear of the 'priest in his boots,' Moll?"

"Throth I have, an' danced it too, sur. Go on, yer rivirince: what next?"

"Next you are to go to Mr W——, the attorney, with this note, and be sure to wait for his answer. I have no more commissions to-day. But now, Moll, take care of the youngsters; and here they come, ready to overwhelm you!"

"Ogh! Lard help me!" ejaculated the poor market-woman, as a troop of laughing, romping children bounded into the room and surrounded her.

Now, grandpapa, for a little innocent mischief, privately slid silver to each of the youngsters, to gratify their various